

THE MASK OF



POWER

HOCKEY'S
SPIRITUAL VIRILITY

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"Only Creators are Hard"-Nietzsche

"And the puck is dropped..."-Dick Irving

Note: The past tense is used as it refers to a moment frozen in time, as the ice of a Hockey rink is frozen or a vintage photograph of "the good 'ol Hockey game"

Hockey typifies the Canadian Tradition; it *is* the Canadian Tradition in miniature and spans the history of Canada during a time when the nation was being built by the creativity of the Aryan race.

In its traditional form Hockey was a game of will and skill where the players were pitted against one another in a microcosm of the macrocosm of eternal struggle and for victory over the opponent. However this game was a game of rules, of Order, that microcosmically embodied the laws of the Cosmos-as above so below, so the struggle which was played out on the earth plane, on the ice, was not a free for all of ruthless savagery.

As such it was decidedly Aryan in its nature, was rule-based and was a channelling of the Will-to-Power consciously directed towards a goal. The goal was to score a team victory by the simple and yet paradoxically complex deposition of a rubber disc into a 'net', a representation perhaps of a vimana (soul) from above directed through Aryan will into the skuld's net of the matrix reality of the material plane-deposited there deliberately and with the intention of stooping to conquer, to spiritualize the material world against the Demiurge.

The rules were the parameters in which the conscious entity, the Aryan, had to play with in order to play at all, the violation of which consigning him to the penalty box (purgatory) or to forfeit the game entirely (the lake of fire). The rink was the arena or theatre of the real in which the Aryan played at war and which battle was confined within its bounds circumscribed by the rules of the game.

It was a game in which two opposing teams vied with one another for dominance and sought to succeed in scoring the most goals meaning that the players would move the 'puck' with their 'sticks' (a phallic symbol of the generative principle-Spiritual virility) and attempt to move it into the net past the player whose task was to prevent it, again, within his own circumscribed sphere called a 'crease'.

One might liken the puck to the soul, initially black or unenlightened being moved throughout the rink (theater of the real) and undergoing various experiences until finally retiring when the game ends; being used by all the players and being carried from one end to the other by them after initially being dropped into the 'face off' circle at the commencement of the game-the incarnation of a soul into matter, into the material world of illusion to undergo experience.

Both opposing sides being comprised of white people, the traditional creators of the game the competition was always friendly and it was understood that, though it was ruthless it was nonetheless a game even if for many it was a lifestyle and indeed equated with life itself, a living, breathing and experiencing of the game perhaps intuitively understanding it to be a microcosm of the macrocosm and understanding oneself as a white person, as possessed of the blood of the Aryan, and hence the blood memory of the white gods (Quetzacoatl; the Hyperborean Divyas) who incarnated on the earth and intermixed with the anthropoids ("came into the daughters of men") to liberate them from the cycles of time, of reincarnation and otherwise inevitable extinction through the weakening of their souls within that cyclicism, the 'eternal return'.

The teams became, as the whites looked more favorably upon the redskins of North America and to some extent the Greenlanders and mongoloids of Scandinavia more intermixed and this is where the corruption set in-through a mixture of the castes even if only within the context of a microcosm of the macrocosm..."only a game after all".

This sentimentalism, this 'Other-regard' for the non-white hybrids who were already liberated from the wheel of incarnation (medicine wheel) by the Hyperborean Divyas millenia before instilling the anthropoids with their blood. Nonetheless the same blood was a great presence in the closest relative to the Divyas the white race and accordingly they allowed the redskins to participate in the game with them.

This made the game a more antagonistic venture when red combined with white and sullied its purity though enabling it to accommodate the changes necessary for its evolution into the consciousness of the 'Other'.

Perhaps this was a mistake? Perhaps a miscalculation and indeed a violation of the rules of the game in the larger matrix of mundane reality. Perhaps they should simply have cordoned themselves off in rigid caste structure and attempted to maintain a crystallized state of Being? But then the Demiurge would take the souls of the non-whites to fuel itself creating ever greater entropy and creating yet further catastrophies as its evil tide swept across the Cosmos.

Hence the Aryan within the fallen whites had to sacrifice itself to the war against the dark forces and to, so to speak, take a step back from their own development remaining within the mayavic plane to combat the enemy on the earth and to give the non-white a chance at liberation and this for the greater good. Perhaps they were in error and the non-whites had already been liberated...to the extent it was possible for them to attain a higher state of Being?

Nonetheless the whites tested themselves as a distinct group against the redskins in racially segregated teams for a time-a means of instructing the redskins in the superlative Will and Skill of Aryan mankind and demonstrating their willingness to coexist in a state of dynamic tension with the redskins through this microcosmic means.

The game of Hockey was a training ground not only for the will but for a greater sense of organization and collective action towards a common purpose that which enabled future leaders and followers of leaders to play their proper role according to the rules of the game of life, according to their 'proper nature' as the Roman maxim 'Suum Quique' best exemplifies.

Hence within this theatre of the real of Hockey each player played his role according to their proper nature; The defencemen of which there were two played within the confines of the blue and red or center line predominantly which served to prevent the opposing team from scoring on their own team's goalie, getting the puck past the red line of the goal net and to the intended victory (if scoring more than the opponent within the timelines of the game).

The defencemen were trained to defend if need be with brutal force (again within the generous limitations imposed by the rules) the goalie and offensive players. The latter's task was to move aggressively and yet with superlative skill towards the opposing team's net and score for their side.

The blueline of each side of the rink demarcated the zone of that team on whose side it was and blue signified the sedation of the opponents' assault, its opposition and

slowing by the opposite side's team. It also signifies a higher spiritual state of being, a transmutation of consciousness as the opposing team exited the red zone of the lower passions, of the animal mind and its confinement to the material plane and entered the realm of the higher mind (Buddhi manas) of a higher Spiritual consciousness which blue represented leading towards the goal- the spiritualization of the material.

The game was played in the realm of becoming, in the mundane world and subject to temporalization, the timeflow of the Demiurge. The time was demarcated in the form of a circle: 3600 seconds divided into three periods of 1200 seconds (twenty minutes) comprising sixty minutes. The usage of the sexidecimal system connoted the degrees of a full circle for the eternal return-full circle.

The referee wore a suit of black and white stripes which connoted the polarity of black and white-the visible and the invisible worlds; spirit and matter; the dynamism of life and physical death. He was a neutral party reconciling the opposites in the dialectic of alchemical transmutation, deciding fairly according to the rules which governed all players and being everywhere, observing from a distance and ideally nowhere within the site of any so as not to interfere with the fluidity of the play as a higher dimensional being punishing and guiding the souls who have incarnated in matter within the material plane.

The plexiglass surrounding the rink (what came to surround it) further signified the mediation of the game from the spectators who had to 'pay to play', paying the middle man interloper who transformed a game of consciousness-shifting experience into a commercialized venture that was carried on for profit, a mere 'business' or showbusiness. The plexiglass which screened off the viewer from the viewed (game) obscured their sight of the game and created distance that separated them from the transmutation process of gameplay just as money mediated and ultimately controlled their creative action in the world of Tradition transforming it into the world of modernity, subordinate to the simulacral nature of the economy, the abstraction of the quintessence (fifth element-Spirit) in the form of the universal value form (money-abstract nothingness).

This transition of Hockey from its Traditional form within the context of a Traditional society to an anti-traditional society was itself but a microcosm of the macrocosm of degeneration and the imprisonment within the matrix of they who entered it (a lucky chance full of meaning) as a means of exiting it and in doing so defeating the forces of darkness and liberating the souls of the captives of the Demiurge.

Now it is the bottom of the Kali Yuga, the nadir of the cycles of time and the white race faces its last battle. The 'good 'ol Hockey game' is submerged in the encrustation of

Demiurgic commercial waste and has become as the Aryan, 'fallen', having 'lost its first estate'. The battle now lies in the mundane world against they who have transformed the organic culture of Men of Race into a bastardized product of anti-race, the steroidal, big-budget Demiurgic form of what Hockey and indeed modernity as a whole now is.

((hockey))) is no longer Hockey, but rather a simulacrum of Tradition qua Hockey, Tradition as it expresses itself in Hockey. The sport of the Nothern Light is but dimly glowing at this time and the spark can only be rekindled by the might of the blood of the Aryan, the Will and Skill which transformed itself on blades of steel which carried the puck into the net before the buzzer of the Demiurge sounded the death kell of those souls who refused to give battle and so died a coward's death, a mere spectator in the theater of the real.

"Keep your stick on the ice and your head in the game"

Read:

Evola, "Metaphysics of War"

Nietzsche, "Will to Power"

Serrano, "Resurrection of the Hero"







